

THE HERALD'S SOCIETY AND FAMILY PAGE

Society Doings in and Around The National Capital

With the departure today of the Minister from Uruguay and his family, for Blue Ridge Summit, Md., another of the thirty-nine embassies and legations accredited to Washington will have been transferred to summer quarters for the summer. The Minister from Uruguay and Mrs. de Pena and their daughters, who have resided in Washington for three seasons, will be a distinct acquisition to the summer colony in the Blue Ridge. They have occupied a handsome home on N street for the past two years, and are among the leaders of the Latin-American circle. Their legation staff is not large, being limited to Dr. Alfredo de Castro and Mr. Hugo de Pena, first and second secretaries, respectively.

The Argentine Ambassador has a summer home in the Blue Ridge, where his family is already established for the summer. The official business of this nation will, however, be conducted from Washington, where a permanent office has been erected at 1000 Corcoran street in the rear of the embassy.

The Minister from Denmark, Mr. Brun, has moved his family to the legation, and is now in New York, en route for Bar Harbor.

Mr. Haniel von Harnhausen, counselor of the German Embassy, who has leased a cottage at Newport, took up his residence there yesterday, and on the departure of the Ambassador for Europe, will later transfer the embassy to that resort for the summer.

Judge Charles B. Hovory, Mrs. Sheridan and the Misses Sheridan, Mrs. William H. Claggett, Jr., are well-known Washingtonians sailing from New York today to pass the summer abroad.

Rear Admiral Mr. Harris sailed on Thursday to pass the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kaufmann closed their New Hampshire avenue home yesterday when they left by motor for New York. They will be joined there by their two young sons, who will accompany Mrs. Kaufmann to the summer home of the family at Camp Percy, N. H. Mr. Kaufmann will join his family in New Hampshire later in the summer.

Girls' Camp for Summer

Mrs. Frederick Chapin, with her school girl daughter, Miss Maria Chapin, will leave next week for Newfound Lake, N. H. Miss Chapin will go to a girls' camp for the summer, and Mrs. Chapin will pass the next month at a near-by inn. Later in the summer Mr. and Mrs. Chapin will make a short trip abroad.

Mrs. Charles L. McCawley is still at her home on New Hampshire avenue, where she is convalescing from a serious illness. Col. and Mrs. McCawley will leave town for the summer as soon as the former is able to travel.

Mr. Hoffman Philip, of this city, at present secretary of the American Embassy in Constantinople, has been sent by the Ambassador to Smyrna, to give aid to the Americans said to be suffering.



This is a house willing to trust people who take pride in their home-furnishings.

Particularly to young married couples we are always ready to grant such easy terms that they can afford to buy the things they wish.

Just come to us and let us know what is necessary for your comfort. Tell us what you will be able to pay on an account, each week or month, and an arrangement that will please you can be made without question.

We give you reliable furniture at our regular, rock-bottom prices, without asking you to sign notes or pay interest.

Peter Grogan & Sons Co.
Our Credit Accommodation Brings Home Comfort.
817 to 823 Seventh Street

YOU Won't Dread WASH-DAY

Try a Red Electric Washer. 15 Days FREE.

National Electrical Supply Co.
1328-1330 E. 1st St. Phone M. 6900

Fireproof Storage

Pianos Trunks Silver Boxes
Estimates Furnished
Household Goods
840 Separate Locked Rooms
\$2.00 Per Month and Up.
Merchants' Transfer & Storage Co.
920-922 E. St. N.W.
Phone M. 6900.

FOLK WE TALK OF IN PASSING

JULIA CHANDLER MARZ

The Memory.

As The Girl sat with The Man on the moon-kissed lawn listening to the low melody of the wind stirred west in the field beyond, and the plaintive call of the Whip-poor-will from the edge of the woods, mingled with the tender words which fell from the lips of her companion—adding the sweetest note of all to the night symphony—she was perfectly sure in her heart that he was not only The Man but The Perfect Man as well.

Now was it all the trick of the fantastic moonlight and the song of summer, for The Man's touch thrilled her no less at noonday when she was equally as sure that he was without a flaw—her ideal of strong, protective manhood, and she wondered within her heart why God had singled her out for the blessing of his love, for she was just laying hold of her womanhood and had not acquired knowledge sufficient to realize that hers was a common experience.

"You are so big and splendid that sometimes I am afraid that I am just dreaming of your love for me, and that I shall awaken in the morning," The Girl confided to The Man, with a soft, happy coo in her tone which quite contradicted her words.

"You idealize me too much," he assured her, "I have my faults like every other man. It is no dream that I love you, but I am afraid that you will find that I do not reach your high standard as the years go by."

Whereupon The Girl lifted her flower-like face to be kissed, and declared that she would not listen to such talk.

Told Her the Truth.

It was after the honeymoon was at an end, and The Man said that he had wasted a deal too much time from his business, and that they must now settle down to everyday life in their work-a-day world that The Girl remembered what he had told her about his faults. And it was something of a jolt to her belief that he was the One Perfect Man to discover that what he had said in the matter was perfectly true.

She found out in the first place that he had a villainous temper, which he did not keep at all times in subjection. It made The Girl very unhappy. How was it possible that The Man could have been all along in possession of such a fault without her knowing, she asked herself, and she did not try to her question she put it frankly to The Man.

"Courtship is not conducive of the discovery of faults," he told her. "We saw each other only at our best. It takes just the plain, everyday living together for folk to find each other out."

Whereupon The Girl inferred that The Man was disappointed in her, and that he was disappointed in her, and when The Man came home that night he made no effort to conceal the fact that he had been drinking. When The Girl protested he said that on an occasional "spree" was another one of his faults, and one which he would retain the privilege of enjoying whenever he got so good and ready.

The next day he was mighty sorry for what he had done, and asked The Girl's forgiveness, and in the months that followed he was so good and so good to her that she almost forgot his fall from grace, and something of her honeymoon happiness had come back to her.

PERSIA IS STILL A LAND OF FASCINATING ROMANCE

Persia is still a land of fascination and romance for those who have eyes to see it. Maj. Percy Molesworth Sykes, late consul general at Meshed, sees it.

"At birth the nurse takes the baby and turns it round three times to avoid evil eyes, before wrapping it in swaddling clothes," says Maj. Sykes, telling of the folklore and superstition of the great mass of the Persian people.

"The arrival of baby's first tooth is a matter of great significance. If the first one appears in the upper jaw it means calamity, and the only way to avert it is to throw the baby out of the roof of the house. Fortunately, they catch it in blankets, so it suffers no harm."

"Education is a severe thing for the small Persian boy, as his chief duty is to learn the first chapter of the Koran by heart, which being very flowery and full of metaphors, is a real task for a small boy of six or seven to master. Nowadays the American missions and, in a lesser degree the English, are broadening the horizons of the Persian mind, and doing good work," said Maj. Sykes.

"When a boy reaches the age of sixteen his mother thinks it is high time he should be married, and a cousin is generally desirable, as she is more likely to agree with the mother-in-law. Theoretically, the young people have no say in the arrangement, but in practice they are very largely consulted. The young man has opportunities to see the young woman as he rides past the house, but she, being veiled, can never be seen by him."

"The marriage day is fixed by an astrologer. The women meet in their quarters, the bride sitting opposite a mirror. The men meet in their quarters, and the bride and bridegroom appoint agents. The bridegroom's agent and the bride three times shake hands to seal the terms of the marriage deed, and she, very modestly, answers 'yes' at the third asking. The bridegroom then goes to the women's apartment and allowed to look at the reflection of his bride's face in the mirror."

"The third day after the wedding ceremony is the bride's procession to her new home. Again the astrologer fixes a lucky day, and should it rain on the occasion of this ceremony it is regarded as very auspicious. Persia, of course, being a dry country."

"On the bride's arrival in the house she is taken to her outdoor dress, and a little comedy is enacted in the hall when the bride and bridegroom each try to be the first to put their foot on the other's. Whoever succeeds will rule the house in after life."

Maj. Sykes gave some interesting Persian formula for working magic. A Persian will put a spell on a man with the idea of compassing his doom, and so worried and anxious does the victim become that he frequently dies. The spell is a charm, and is recited on Friday, the day for all dark deeds in Persia. The magic worker takes a piece of fat in the cemetery and visits it every night for the ensuing forty days to stick a fresh pin in it.

On the forty-first day the victim should succumb—and often does. The left rib of a donkey, pounded up and put in a man's food, will make him very popular, but should the right rib be chosen it will have the reverse effect. Donkeys' brains will make husbands blind to the carryings-on of their wives.

As the hole which you have drilled. This fastens the windows together so firmly that nothing short of a crowbar, wielded by an attendant, can pry them apart. The nail is removed easily to open the windows.

live in her heart when The Man came home to her one night, long past midnight, in a bestial state of intoxication, and was most abusive in his language to The Girl.

The following day she would not accept his apology, and when she told him that he had shattered her ideal he flew into a temper and said that no man could live up to her standard on this mundane sphere of ours, and asked her brutally what she was going to do about it.

Her Answer.

The Girl was silent for a long while. Then she left the room. When she returned she carried in her hand a soft, snow-white garment—the smallest garment The Man had ever seen in his life. She laid it out tenderly on the table before him, and he knew that she had answered his question. He gathered her into his arms, swore that he had been all sorts of a brute, and that she would never have reason to complain of his treatment again.

But the character of The Man had not been formed in a day, or a week, or a month, or even in a year, and so it was that the traits he had acquired were not so easy as he had supposed to alter. He tried what strength of will he had, but he did not succeed, and so it was that his faults grew in seriousness with the years, and The Girl lived with him only because of the little human tie which bound. She told herself that it was her duty to her son to keep their home together. But she did not try to deceive herself. She knew The Man for what he was. She knew his disgusting weaknesses, and they were so many that they quite submerged his good qualities.

He made her life very hard—so hard, in fact, that she forgot that she had ever believed him to be her ideal; forgot the far-away summer when she had called him "so big and splendid," and she wondered if it was best for the little son that he should have the influence of his father in his life, and even while she wondered The Man met with an accident, and his friends brought him home to her—dead.

At first The Girl was stunned over what had happened. She put the letters she found out in the first place that he had a villainous temper, which he did not keep at all times in subjection. It made The Girl very unhappy. How was it possible that The Man could have been all along in possession of such a fault without her knowing, she asked herself, and she did not try to her question she put it frankly to The Man.

"Courtship is not conducive of the discovery of faults," he told her. "We saw each other only at our best. It takes just the plain, everyday living together for folk to find each other out."

Whereupon The Girl inferred that The Man was disappointed in her, and that he was disappointed in her, and when The Man came home that night he made no effort to conceal the fact that he had been drinking. When The Girl protested he said that on an occasional "spree" was another one of his faults, and one which he would retain the privilege of enjoying whenever he got so good and ready.

The next day he was mighty sorry for what he had done, and asked The Girl's forgiveness, and in the months that followed he was so good and so good to her that she almost forgot his fall from grace, and something of her honeymoon happiness had come back to her.

"Education is a severe thing for the small Persian boy, as his chief duty is to learn the first chapter of the Koran by heart, which being very flowery and full of metaphors, is a real task for a small boy of six or seven to master. Nowadays the American missions and, in a lesser degree the English, are broadening the horizons of the Persian mind, and doing good work," said Maj. Sykes.

"When a boy reaches the age of sixteen his mother thinks it is high time he should be married, and a cousin is generally desirable, as she is more likely to agree with the mother-in-law. Theoretically, the young people have no say in the arrangement, but in practice they are very largely consulted. The young man has opportunities to see the young woman as he rides past the house, but she, being veiled, can never be seen by him."

"The marriage day is fixed by an astrologer. The women meet in their quarters, the bride sitting opposite a mirror. The men meet in their quarters, and the bride and bridegroom appoint agents. The bridegroom's agent and the bride three times shake hands to seal the terms of the marriage deed, and she, very modestly, answers 'yes' at the third asking. The bridegroom then goes to the women's apartment and allowed to look at the reflection of his bride's face in the mirror."

"The third day after the wedding ceremony is the bride's procession to her new home. Again the astrologer fixes a lucky day, and should it rain on the occasion of this ceremony it is regarded as very auspicious. Persia, of course, being a dry country."

"On the bride's arrival in the house she is taken to her outdoor dress, and a little comedy is enacted in the hall when the bride and bridegroom each try to be the first to put their foot on the other's. Whoever succeeds will rule the house in after life."

Maj. Sykes gave some interesting Persian formula for working magic. A Persian will put a spell on a man with the idea of compassing his doom, and so worried and anxious does the victim become that he frequently dies. The spell is a charm, and is recited on Friday, the day for all dark deeds in Persia. The magic worker takes a piece of fat in the cemetery and visits it every night for the ensuing forty days to stick a fresh pin in it.

On the forty-first day the victim should succumb—and often does. The left rib of a donkey, pounded up and put in a man's food, will make him very popular, but should the right rib be chosen it will have the reverse effect. Donkeys' brains will make husbands blind to the carryings-on of their wives.

As the hole which you have drilled. This fastens the windows together so firmly that nothing short of a crowbar, wielded by an attendant, can pry them apart. The nail is removed easily to open the windows.

Where the ash of the upper and lower windows meet, drill a hole with a brace and bit deep enough to go completely through the ash of the window and half way through the ash of the upper window. Insert a heavy nail or small spike of the same length

TWO USEFUL RATS



A light coat to wear over afternoon frocks in the summer is essential, and two useful models are illustrated. The one on the left is made of blue taffeta and the one on the right is made of silver-gray tulle, over white silk.

Seasonable Dainties for These Hot Summer Days

Pineapple and Marshmallow Dessert.

One-half pound marshmallows cut into small pieces and soaked over night in the juice of one can of sliced pineapple; in the morning add one cup of sugar, cut into small pieces, with a jar of cream beaten stiff. Mix all together and put on ice. Serve in small glasses with sponge cakes.

To Make Five Gallon Fruit Punch.

Three dozen lemons, four dozen oranges, one large pineapple, four pounds sugar, two quarts water. Mix well and just before serving add ten quarts apollinaris water.

Green Tomato Preserve.

Twelve green tomatoes, eight pickled lemons, three pounds sugar. Put tomatoes and lemons through the meat chopper; cook all together till clear and thick; pour into glasses.

Currant Preserve.

One quart red currants, one cup seedless raisins, one pint sugar, pulp and rind of one orange; cut rind into dice and put on in cold water to cook; boil twenty minutes, remove from water; add to other ingredients and cook half an hour.

Peach Cream.

Four into a saucepan a pint of canned peaches, add one-half cup sugar and one-half cup water; cook about ten minutes; beat through a wire sieve. Into one cup of this sifted sauce stir two eggs, add two cups of hot water in which has been dissolved one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine.

Whip one cup of cream; when the peach

is perfectly cold stir the whipped cream into it briskly for two or three minutes, then pour into a mold. Serve with or without cream. Fresh peaches may be used in this way.

Beef Tea Jelly.

Into a double boiler put about one pound of juicy round steak cut into small pieces, and one pint of cold water; heat to the boiling point and simmer two hours; strain (there should be about one and one-half cups of hot liquid); season to taste with salt, add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine and pour into small cups to harden; serve with delicate crackers.

Ham Souffle.

One tablespoonful melted butter, add one level tablespoonful flour, cream together and add two cups scalded milk a little at a time; season with salt and pepper.

Remove from fire and stir in two cups chopped ham, yolk of two eggs well beaten; then fold in whites of two eggs beaten stiff.

Turn into buttered dish and bake thirty minutes at 350 degrees.

Creamed Chicken.

Make one cup of cream sauce, add one pint cooked chicken cut in small pieces, and a little chopped parsley; when hot beat the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoonsful milk and stir into the chicken; cook two minutes; serve with a rice or potato border garnished with points of toast.

Wastefulness and Ignorance Causes of Domestic Woe

Can it be that women are as poorly educated in the art of spending as some of their critics would have us imagine? Surely not, but here is an interesting symposium on economy and thrift among women.

A judge in the domestic relations court of Detroit, is responsible for the statement that: "A lack of knowledge, on the part of women of the value of money, is the most powerful enemy of domestic happiness that exists."

Surely a good many women would question this statement, but the judge claims that 25 per cent of the cases which have come before his court were due to the extravagance of the wives and that in another 40 per cent were due to the poverty of the husbands. He is responsible, therefore, on the part of the wife is the principal trouble.

Mr. Julian Heath, the president of the National Housewives' League, has also made a rather remarkable statement about women as managers. He says: "I believe that my husband could run our home better than I, if he were compelled to do it, because he would run it as he runs his business."

Charge accounts at the stores, ordering goods over the telephone, and free delivery of packages are also quoted as causes of too much spending.

To prove this statement, Alfred D. Woodruff, of the New York City bureau of food supply, gives a rather startling account of the result of saying "Charge it" to the grocer.

Only about 30 per cent pay their bills promptly in New York City, he claims; 20 per cent take from one to three months to pay, 40 per cent are of longer standing, and 50 per cent never pay at all. This is surely rather a bad record for the credit system.

Mr. Woodruff believes the trouble lies not with a woman's ability as a manager, but with the attention which she gives to these matters.

He has been quoted as saying that if women would take as much interest in the art of buying economically, testing for short weights, buying in large quantities and for cash as they do in social affairs, a great saving could be effected, and this saving could then be put into the savings bank as a means of protection against a rainy day.

When talking to an audience of agriculturists once, the railroad magnate said: "While I am talking to the farmer, I remember that the farmer's wife is a bigger half of the family, and she is the bigger half, too. The farmer's success or failure depends upon her."

"A helpful, thrifty wife, who is conserving her husband's capital, his health, his earnings, his ability, not to mention the pocketbook; closing the avenues of waste, will make him succeed. Across the wasteful, careless wife, he might as well give up."

"These are facts. Make the test."

A PLEATED CAMISOLE.

Pretty camisoles to wear under sheer dresses can be made from accordion-pleated chiffon. If the pleating is bought in the form of pleated ruffling and attached to a band, this band may be used for the waistband, and a ribbon can be tacked about the top to hold the pleats in place for the upper part. In the case of the ruffling the waistband should be a trifle larger, so as to give more width at the top which will naturally require more than the waist measurement does, and the pleats for this upper part will have to be slightly spread to increase the width still more. Across the front of these pleats can be trailed little chiffon vines of rosebuds and pretty green leaves. Ribbon straps are used for the shoulders; sometimes plain straps and sometimes a little bow upon the top of the shoulder.

STIR MILK BEFORE USING.

Always stir up the milk in a jar or pitcher if you wish to give a fair percentage of cream to individual drinkers. Recent investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture proved that in many cases where retail dealers are held up for selling skimmed milk it is because they have ignorantly poured off the top milk to one customer, leaving the skimmed milk for the next.

The Department of Agriculture recommends that milk be retailed in bottles. Whenever it is necessary to sell bulk milk, vendors are advised to mix the milk thoroughly each time before pouring from a large container into a small one, if they wish to avoid unintentional skimming. This can best be done by stirring the milk with a long-handled dipper, shaking the can is not sufficient.

Little Adventures in Married Life

SLIGHTED ACCOMPLISHMENTS By Katharine Brooks

Hostess Tries to Conceal Her Housekeeping Ability and the Guest Tells Her to Be Proud of It.

The tea table looked very dainty. The glance with which young Mrs. Sayles reviewed it while waiting for her guest to arrive was one of pardonable pride. "I wish more people were coming," she thought. "So much work for only one!" But that one was a very important person, a guest, with the freedom of the room and the position in a firm of brokers, and it was the wife of the senior partner who was coming to tea. Her husband met her once or twice, but had never

Edith's own deft fingers; yet the pride with which she listened to her guest's comments was not the pride of the gifted cook; it was the false, perverted pride of the woman with "social" ambitions beyond her means to gratify. "When the tea was poured and the little biscuits served she acknowledged the praises they received with graceful acquiescence. "I'm so glad you like them," she said. "I think myself that the Women's Exchange has delicious cake and bread. It's so convenient to go there when you haven't a very good cook."

If she has been less intent on making an impression and more receptive to impressions herself, she would have observed slightly disconcerted look on the face of her guest.

"I didn't know she kept two servants," the latter was saying, accepting the fiction of the cook just as Mrs. Sayles



before entertained her. Of course, the tea was quite unofficial. But you never can tell," was the young wife's inward thought, as she filled the brass tea lamp. "If I make a good impression on her it may help John."

Now she did not know her guest at all well, and the way in which she set about "making a good impression" was a very worldly way. It began by fretting about the sameness of the room and the modesty of the furniture. It banished little John to the kitchen, with strict orders not to bother the maid or to come in until he was sent for. It had meant a hard morning's work baking tiny wafers, cakes and muffins—enough for a party, as she had observed. And it ended by her thinking, as she surveyed the prettily appointed table.

"Nobody would ever suspect it was all done right here in the house," she thought. "I always knew that Mr. Sayles was a very good cook. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army."

For she was a very foolish little woman and wanted her guest to think that the tea had been "ordered." So when the guest, with the freedom of the room and the position in a firm of brokers, and it was the wife of the senior partner who was coming to tea. Her husband met her once or twice, but had never

"Nobody would ever suspect it was all done right here in the house," she thought. "I always knew that Mr. Sayles was a very good cook. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army."

Heavy, inefficient, flat-footed Nora in the kitchen would have been amazed to hear this tribute to her qualities. She had not been allowed to touch any of the preparations; she had been forbidden to enter the front part of the house. Her sole duty was to select the food, to keep the fire going and Johnny out of the way.

Every little touch had been made with Edith's own deft fingers; yet the pride with which she listened to her guest's comments was not the pride of the gifted cook; it was the false, perverted pride of the woman with "social" ambitions beyond her means to gratify. "When the tea was poured and the little biscuits served she acknowledged the praises they received with graceful acquiescence. "I'm so glad you like them," she said. "I think myself that the Women's Exchange has delicious cake and bread. It's so convenient to go there when you haven't a very good cook."

If she has been less intent on making an impression and more receptive to impressions herself, she would have observed slightly disconcerted look on the face of her guest.

"I didn't know she kept two servants," the latter was saying, accepting the fiction of the cook just as Mrs. Sayles

before entertained her. Of course, the tea was quite unofficial. But you never can tell," was the young wife's inward thought, as she filled the brass tea lamp. "If I make a good impression on her it may help John."

Now she did not know her guest at all well, and the way in which she set about "making a good impression" was a very worldly way. It began by fretting about the sameness of the room and the modesty of the furniture. It banished little John to the kitchen, with strict orders not to bother the maid or to come in until he was sent for. It had meant a hard morning's work baking tiny wafers, cakes and muffins—enough for a party, as she had observed. And it ended by her thinking, as she surveyed the prettily appointed table.

"Nobody would ever suspect it was all done right here in the house," she thought. "I always knew that Mr. Sayles was a very good cook. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army."

For she was a very foolish little woman and wanted her guest to think that the tea had been "ordered." So when the guest, with the freedom of the room and the position in a firm of brokers, and it was the wife of the senior partner who was coming to tea. Her husband met her once or twice, but had never

"Nobody would ever suspect it was all done right here in the house," she thought. "I always knew that Mr. Sayles was a very good cook. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army. He must have been a good cook in the army."

Heavy, inefficient, flat-footed Nora in the kitchen would have been amazed to hear this tribute to her qualities. She had not been allowed to touch any of the preparations; she had been forbidden to enter the front part of the house. Her sole duty was to select the food, to keep the fire going and Johnny out of the way.

Every little touch had been made with Edith's own deft fingers; yet the pride with which she listened to her guest's comments was not the pride of the gifted cook; it was the false, perverted pride of the woman with "social" ambitions beyond her means to gratify. "When the tea was poured and the little biscuits served she acknowledged the praises they received with graceful acquiescence. "I'm so glad you like them," she said. "I think myself that the Women's Exchange has delicious cake and bread. It's so convenient to go there when you haven't a very good cook."

If she has been less intent on making an impression and more receptive to impressions herself, she would have observed slightly disconcerted look on the face of her guest.

"I didn't know she kept two servants," the latter was saying, accepting the fiction of the cook just as Mrs. Sayles

before entertained her. Of course, the tea was quite unofficial. But you never can tell," was the young wife's inward thought, as she filled the brass tea lamp. "If I make a good impression on her it may help John."

before entertained her. Of course, the tea was quite unofficial. But you never can tell," was the young wife's inward thought, as she filled the brass tea lamp. "If I make a good impression on her it may help John."

Now she did not know her guest at all well, and the way in which she set about "making a good impression" was a very worldly way. It began by fretting about the sameness of the room and the modesty of the furniture. It banished little John to the kitchen, with strict orders not to bother the maid or to come in until he was sent for. It had meant a hard morning's work baking tiny wafers, cakes and muffins—enough for a party, as she had observed. And it ended by her thinking, as she surveyed the prettily appointed table.

"